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## The B-G News March 15, 1968

Bowling Green State University

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# The B-G News

Serving a Growing University Since 1920

BOWLING GREEN STATE UNIVERSITY

Friday, March 15, 1968

Volume 52, No. 77

## Gold Crisis Stirs World

WASHINGTON (AP) -- The Senate sent to President Johnson last night the bill removing the 25 per cent gold cover requirement for the nation's currency.

Once the Senate measure is signed into law, the entire U.S. gold stock—now about \$11.4 billion—will be freed to meet the nation's pledge to convert dollar holdings to gold at the rate of \$35 an ounce. It also is an attempt of curbing the stampede of gold buying in Europe.

In London, Queen Elizabeth II proclaimed a special bank holiday today after a frenzied day of gold buying in Western Europe

plunged the pound sterling to a historic low in London and weakened the dollar in all major money markets but Paris.

The London Stock Market also will be closed for the day.

Informed sources said U.S. authorities asked the British to close their gold market, biggest in the world, to forestall further disorder.

The United States also announced it had invited the governors of the central banks of the six other active gold pool nations to meet with administration officials Saturday in Washington.

In announcing the meeting, the United States reaffirmed its determination to hold the price of gold at \$35 an ounce despite a concerted run on gold pool in London and elsewhere around the world.

A statement issued jointly by Treasury Secretary Henry H. Fowler and William McChesney Martin, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, said the temporary closing of London financial markets and United Kingdom banks on Friday would have no effect on U.S. policies in the international gold and currency crisis.

In a parallel Washington development, the U.S. Federal Reserve Board clamped a tighter rein on credit, raising the discount rate to 5 per cent, highest since just before the 1929 stock market crash.

At present there is only about \$1 billion of free gold in the U.S. since the reserve requirement ties up approximately \$10.4 billion of the supply.

The New York Stock Exchange plans on being open "as usual," despite the closing of banks and markets in England.

## Debaters Vie In Districts This Sunday

University debaters Richard E. Crable, junior in the College of Liberal Arts, and David V. Klumpp, senior in the College of Liberal Arts, will compete in the District Five National Qualifying Debate Tournament at Ohio State University. The tournaments begin Sunday and run until Tuesday. This will be the first time since 1951 that Bowling Green's debaters have been invited to debate in this competition.

Teams entered include Michigan State University, Ohio State University, Northwestern University and the University of Michigan. The top-five teams in this tournament will qualify for the National Debate Tournament to be held later this season at Brooklyn College in Brooklyn, N.Y.



"WAITING FOR GODOT," the famous avant garde play by Samuel Beckett runs the theatrical gamut from the bizarre to the ridiculous.

It will appear here Monday at 8:15 in the Main Auditorium, sponsored by the Dept. of Romance Languages.

## Council Presents, Hears, Discusses, Then Tables

By JIM MARINO

Asst. Editorial Editor

An overweighted table nearly collapsed at Thursday night's Student Council meeting. Not the ordinary type table—I mean the one upon which all the legislation falls that Council votes to set aside.

One resolution sponsored by Paul Buehrer, junior representative, favored condemnation of the

recent change in draft policy that revoked graduate student deferments.

Discussion brought out a visiting guest, a bearded man who identified himself as Lloyd Dennison of the California Resistance.

Mr. Dennison explained Council should be voting on the morality of the war, or whether or not to

condemn the entire draft system in the United States, rather than just oppose certain segments of one policy.

"The happiest day of my life was when I turned in my draft card," Dennison said. "And now I face jail, but at least I can relish the fact that I didn't allow myself to be channeled into the na-

(Continued on Page 11)

## Licate: BG Run By Committees?

By LINDA HERBKERSMAN

Assistant Feature Editor  
President William T. Jerome III, Student Council, the administration in general, and the B-G News were among those attacked by former SDS president Nick Licate, a junior in the College of Liberal Arts.

Speaking to about 50 students in Conklin's lounge Wednesday he called the University a place run by committees. "When a question is proposed, the administration says, 'Let's wait and see. We'll form a committee.'"

"And if you get past the committees to actually ask your question to the dean of whatever, you get vague answers and generalities."

He gave this as one of the main reasons for the recent boycott proposal which he and SDS initiated. "It was the only way to get our rights!"

The BG News also came under fire for being committee oriented. "Students should control the paper," Licate said. "It should be more dynamic." He praised the recent issue of the 'Beachhead,' stating it has "tremendous possibilities" as a second campus newspaper.

His strongest attacks, however,

came against Student Council whom he considers involved in the game "Let's Play Government." There have been proposals to re-vamp the constitution. But Licate continued, "A mere face lifting won't help. Student Council is simply afraid to demand that bureaucrats answer their questions."

He stated even some of the most conservative members have called the meetings a big waste of time.

He suggested a renovation for the whole Student Council, including delegates attending conventions. "If the delegates would have to get petitions signed in order

to BE delegates, you'd know they were really interested in Council."

"Right now it's a big personality race. It's like—I've been on Student Council for a year. I'm an incumbent. Vote for me."

"The other day President Jerome said he thought Student Council was great. Of course he does! They've never questioned him."

He said students out of high school are basically conditioned to accept authority, and there is need for authority. But a "too harmonious student/administration relationship could be detrimental to the student."

"Students have to learn to question! We've got to demand answers."

One of the issues on which he wants answers is the fee increase. He stated President Jerome had been invited to Student Council to explain the increase.

"They've said they're cutting down on administrative offices to save us money. Some administration officials have even admitted their offices are useless."

"We're never quite sure where our money's going. They'll show you books, but everything's so general, there's \$1 million left over in some fund or other. We

never know what, for sure."

He gave as the basic solution to problems more student interest and a better Student Council. It was obvious, however, that some of the solutions would run into financial difficulty. Licate was asked where the money would come from.

"If the administration were truly interested," he said, "the money would come."

He also called for a move toward a more liberal campus, and gave the University of Michigan as an example. He had a copy of a humorous magazine put out by that student council. "Can you see OUR Student Council putting out something like this?" he scoffed. "SDS could do it, but everybody'd rip it up."

Licate also suggested students be allowed to take a more active role in the formulation of courses.

When asked about the role of SDS, the former president said he considered it second only to Student Council. "We can't demand leadership," he said. "Obviously, no one would follow."

He said he was not aiming at an unforeseeable Utopia.

"I just want to be able to say 'I AM Bowling Green University. What it is, I made it.'"



Nick Licate speaks at Conklin.



# Editorial

## Debatable Problem

This weekend two members of the University's debate team will be competing in the District V Qualifying Tournament--sort of like basketball's NCAA playoffs.

The selection of teams for the Districts is usually based on a team's record and the caliber of tournaments entered during the season. This year alone, Bowling Green's debate team has nearly doubled the number of trophies in the speech department's case. They have competed in some of the top debate tournaments in the country.

We feel this outstanding record is certainly deserving of praise--and hopefully a little more. Some of the benefits which may result directly, or indirectly from having a well-known and respected debate team are:

.Strengthens the academic reputation of the University.

.Attracts more scholastically-oriented high school seniors to the University.

.Draws top graduate students in speech.

.Helps draw top faculty members.

This year the debate team has increased in size and has entered more tournaments than in previous years--but seemingly without a proportionate increase in support.

We wonder if the student body, faculty, and administration understand and appreciate the contributions our debate team makes toward building a better University? Many students seem unaware of the team's activities and purpose.

Monetary allocations are becoming tight, as the team has already had to cancel out of one big tournament.

Debate Coach Dan Millar reports that practice rounds are always open to the public and debate activities are reported regularly in the News. We urge that the University get behind its intercollegiate debaters, for its own good as well as the team's.

## "REFLECTIONS"

Anyone Can Write A Column Like This

By Eric Hoffer.

I have always had the feeling that the people live and work with are lumpy with talent. The cliché that talent is rare is not founded on fact. All that we know is that there are short periods in history when genius springs up all over the landscape, and long periods of mediocrity and inertness.

In the small city of Athens within the space of fifty years there sprang up a whole crop of geniuses -- Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Philias, Pericles, Socrates, Thucydides, Aristophanes. These people did not come from heaven. Something similar happened in Florence at the time of the Renaissance, in the Netherlands between 1400 and 1700 during the great period of Dutch-Flemish painting, and in Elizabethan England.

What we know with certainty is not that talent and genius are rare exceptions but that all through history talent and genius have gone to waste on a vast scale. Stalin liquidated the most intelligent, cultivated, and gifted segment of the Russian population and made of Russia a nation of lesser mujicks, yet no one will maintain that Russia is at present less endowed with talent than it was before the revolution.

Where the development of talent is concerned we are still at the foodgathering stage. We do not know how to grow it. Up to now in this country when one of the masses starts to write, paint, etc., it is because he happens to bump into the right accident. In my case the right accident happened in the 1930's. I had the habit of reading from childhood, but very little schooling. I spent half of my adult life as a migratory worker and the other as a longshoreman.

The Hitler decade started me thinking, but there is an enormous distance between thinking and the act of writing. I had to acquire a taste for a good sentence--taste in the way a child tastes candy--before I stumbled into writing. Here is how it happened.

Late in 1936 I was on my way to do some placer mining near Nevada City, and I had a hunch that I would get snowbound. I

had to get me something to read, something that would last me for a long time. So I stopped over in San Francisco to get a thick book. I did not really care what the book was about--history, theology, mathematics, farming, anything, as long as it was thick, had small print and no pictures.

There was at that time a large secondhand bookstore on Market Street called Lieberman's and I went there to buy my book. I soon found one. It had about a thousand pages of small print and no pictures. The price was one dollar. The title page said these were "The Essays of Michel de Montaigne." I knew what essays were but I did not know Montaigne from Adam. I put the book in my knapsack and caught the ferry to Aausalito.

Sure enough, I got snowbound. I read the book three times until I knew it almost by heart. When I got back to the San Joaquin Valley I could not open my mouth without quoting Montaigne, and the fellows liked it. It got so whenever there was an argument about anything--women, money, animals, food, death--they would ask: "What does Montaigne say?" I am quite sure that even now there must be a number of migratory workers up and down the San Joaquin Valley still quoting Montaigne.

I ought to add that the Montaigne edition I had was the John Florio translation. The spelling was modern, but the style seventeenth century--the style of the King James Bible and of Bacon's Essays. The sentences have hooks in them which stick in the mind; they make platitudes sound as if they were new. Montaigne was not above anyone's head. Once in a workers' barrack near Stockton, the man in the next bunk picked up my Montaigne and read it for an hour or so. When he returned he said: "Anyone can write a book like this."

The attempt to realize the potentialities of the masses may seem visionary and extravagant, yet is it eminently practical when judged by the criterion of social efficiency. For the efficiency of

## Student Unity

The recent revision of the Quarter System housing policy by the Administration is a real landmark for students, the revision demonstrates that students can hold immense sway over the Administration. Unified, the students can conceivably achieve any goals they want: unity is all-important.

Perhaps more important, however, is that we define as precisely as we can the direction on which we want to move. Student Council and Students for a Democratic Society have taken positive steps: it is now the student's DUTY to actively support and encourage these organizations. The time for student passiveness is over--it ENDED at 4:30 P.M. March 6.

The challenge is present: will you as students meet it? The Student Council of this University was established for YOU--not for a social gathering of the campus "elite". When you elected these people on Council, they said they cared about you and your ideas. Do you care enough about your student RIGHTS (not privileges) to find out what they're doing and how they're representing you? You owe it to yourselves as students and as human beings to find out.



Charles Peterson  
202 Conklin Hall

## Drafting Grads

There seems to be a lot of opposition to the drafting of graduate students. The reason is always stated that it is not fair to pull a student away from his studies and deprive him of his opportunity for an education.

Now it is my understanding that a student would not be drafted for the duration of his lifetime, but for just two years like any other draftee. So at the end of that time it would be possible for him to continue his studies if he so desired. Is it really harder for a student to readjust to academic studies than it is for another man to readjust to his job or training?

After all, don't we live in a democracy where the ultimate goal is for all men to be considered equal with equal opportunity for all without regard to race, religion, ethnic group, or even I.Q.?

Or maybe I'm wrong and there really is a difference among men when we consider their I.Q. Maybe the more intelligent persons are too valuable to have their lives put in jeopardy in a war. Or maybe they are really too good to be placed in the same category with mere high school graduates or even high school drop outs.

I guess it's a question that every individual must answer for himself. I personally would favor a selective service lottery with deferments given in only extreme situations--such as physical or mental disability or if a man's service would cause grave hardship for his dependents. I truly believe that something must be done to make the draft situation more democratic.

Gary L. Haar  
Commuter

The News welcomes letters to the editor. Letters should be typewritten and signed by the author and carry his typewritten name, address and phone number.

As many letters as possible will be published within the limits of space, good taste and laws of libel. The News reserves the right to edit letters more than 300 words in length.

## Letters From Our Readers

### Frosh Problem

Have you ever had a grad assistant who piled on homework like it was the only course you were taking? Oh! his pet, his subject. You better become just as enthused or zip. An average workload of 2 hours of homework for every hour of class isn't bad. But when it starts approaching the ratio of one hour of class to 5-7 hours of homework, forget it. In your major you might mind the extra work load, but its never your major.

Your other subjects hurt as you diligently work on for a possible "C" in the course, they never give A's or curve the grades. Evaluation sheets are a great idea, but what is done about a lousy evaluation?

I'm a freshman and it seems many courses are taught by grad assistants which happen to be the answer to 100 level courses for all lettered faculty members. You all know what the flunk out courses are, well I believe some grads are out to help you.

Turning over the coin you find a much brighter side, or I should say a grad assistant of superior quality. Thank goodness they compromise the majority. These grads are characterized by a genuine interest in you by knowing your name, they don't read constantly from notes, sound like Noah Webster, or act like its just another step along the way to the ultimate platform, a doctorate. If they make it to the ultimate, zipping fresh man classes, by not using the above methods I hope the bottom falls out.

Bill Steven  
Kreischer C

### Double Cross

Someone may have said we have been hampering ticket sales to the Gamma Phi Beta's LETTERMEN Concert, on April 17, by selling tickets to the TU concert sponsored by the Tekes there.

Contrary to this, we sincerely wish them the best of luck and publicly extend the offer to sell tickets for their concert.

By the way the LETTERMEN as you may or may not know are alumni from the Findlay Chapter of TKE.

Tau Kappa Epsilon

### Half-Truths

An article published in the B-G News last Friday reported the charges made by Senior Class President Edward C. Sewell. He stated: "Do you realize that only four-fifths of one percent of the students here are Negro?"

One very pertinent fact Mr. Sewell "forgot" to include in his remarks, was a statement concerning the number of Negroes who actually do apply for admission to BGSU. Need I explain further?

Mr. Sewell's approach to this problem is very similar to the tactics used by various civil rights leaders; one where "revealing" half truths is a necessity in gaining a marked response.

Thomas R. Schoen  
Conklin Hall Box 223  
R. 307

## The B-G News

Serving A Growing University  
Since 1920

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## Newsline

Questions may be phoned in to the News office or may be submitted by mail. News office is located in 104 University Hall and can be reached on either extension 3344 or 3383. Student name and address must be included with all questions, but only initials will be used.

**How much money does President Jerome make in a year? (BF)**

According to a news story in the BG News in January, President Jerome was given a \$5 thousand increase at the last Board of Trustees meeting. This increase brings his salary to \$35 thousand a year.

**Is Bowling Green going to offer a two-year junior college program? (PC)**

According to the Registrar's Office, BG will not be starting any type of two-year program in the near future. BG does have two-year courses at branches in Fremont, Sandusky, and some near-by suburbs.

**What will be the cost of attending BG next year for an Ohio resident living off campus? (DO)**

Room and Board for an Ohio resident will be \$930, and fees for three quarters will be \$540.

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**Does the lead guitarist of "East-West Relation" -- currently appearing at J. Alfreds -- have a twin brother who is the lead guitarist of the "Majority of Six?" (FB)**

No. However, the two do bear a striking resemblance. Robert J. Polomsky recently left the "Majority" to play lead guitar for the "East-West Relation."

\*\*\*

**Why does the University charge \$2 for a lost meal ticket? How can I go about getting this changed? (SB)**

**Why can't you lend your meal ticket to a friend? (LH).**

The \$2 is required to cover processing costs. You are not allowed to give your ticket to a friend because the ticket is your responsibility. The Dean of Students originated this policy to protect the student against loss of meal ticket.

If you want these policies changed, we suggest talking to the Dean of Students, or Boycotting the food lines. Take your pick.

\*\*\*

# The Pill — 'Tough Decision'

By STEVE BECK

Feature Writer

Discussing birth control and its moral and social implications in the main lounge of Anderson Hall last night, Dr. D. G. Miller of Toledo said that the pill should not be made available to University students.

"It is a question of our morals and scruples at stake; if I feel that a woman needs the pills, I give them to her, and sometimes that is a tough decision to make," the gynecologist and obstetrician remarked to his audience of 250 men and women.

"When the pill is just handed out as a relief from the fear of pregnancy, and the exploitation of sex, that is when I refuse to give them to the University student," he continued.

Dr. Miller also explained the various types of pills available. The first type contains a combination of both the hormones estrogen and progesterone that is taken for the first 20 days of the menstrual cycle, and the sequential type containing one hormone, estrogen, that is taken for the first 15 days of the cycle, followed by another pill containing both estrogen and progesterone taken for the last six days of the cycle.

Both types have the same type of action; artificially they produce the normal physical pattern evoked by a pregnancy, thus preventing the egg from ripening and leaving the ovaries, while also permitting the regular menstrual flow.

Dr. Miller also cited some of the problems that under-developed countries such as India are having with the pill and other forms of birth control.

"These types of people live a

dismal existence; they have little pleasure in life other than sex. Their attitude is one of apathy. Most of these people can only expect to live for 40 years at the most, so they don't really care," he commented.

Dr. Miller also mentioned the safety of the pill and whether it might be injurious to the health of the woman.

"There are some women who should not take the pill," he said. They have side effects such as water weight build up, nausea, weight gains, headaches, sometimes even a false pregnancy."

Research on pills for men is continuing, but to this point results have been negative.

"The pills for men have affected their bone cells, lowered their red blood cell count, and have resulted in hair loss," Dr. Miller said.

Dr. Miller was asked whether birth control pills will cause multiple births.

"No, the pills will not cause a woman to have more than one baby, and there is no evidence that a woman's chances of becoming pregnant are better after discontinuing use of the pills," he said.

Dr. Miller also discussed other types of birth control such as the IUD (Intrauterine Device) foam, the rhythm method, and new research on the "morning after" pill.

Research is slow in these matters, and it takes many years before a certain type of birth control device is proven safe for a large majority of women; and even then we must consider the individual to see if she is capable of accepting this sort of treatment," he added.

The doctor also injected some humor into his discussion.

"I've had people call me up during their honeymoon and ask me if the pills really work, because someone had told them that they aren't for real," he quipped.

"In a few years the pill as such will be obsolete, and medical science will concoct something that will be even more effective," he concluded.

## 'Coffee Hour'

### Features Poets

Five featured poetry readers will highlight the English Department's "Books and Coffee" program at 3:30 p.m. Tuesday in 112 Life Science.

Undergraduates who will read poetry will be Thomas Cadwell, Robert Erman, Kamila Plesmid, Dennis Willmont, and H.P. Wyndham.

Directors of "Books and Coffee" are Professors Frederick Eckman and Ray Browne.

Admission is free and is open to the public.

## WE'RE HEADED UP THE UP STAIRCASE

"GUT ISSUES"

"WHERE THE ACTION IS"

"DRAMATIC REVOLUTION"

**FEDERAL SCHOOL REPORT** says: The Philadelphia public schools are engaged in "the most dramatic revolution in a city school system in the post-war period." Reform in Philadelphia is "more widespread and far-reaching than in any large school system in the country."

**DR. MARK R. SHEDD**, new Superintendent of Schools, says:

"I will continue to support teachers who are able to examine, in a mature way, the gut issues of our day—war, sex, race, drugs, poverty. If we divorce school subjects from the guts and hopes of human beings, we can expect students to find them gutless and hopeless."

**RICHARDSON DILWORTH**, President of the Board of Education, says: "The city is where the action is. It's where the challenge is. It's where we are facing the great moral and social issues of our day. If you want action, come teach in Philadelphia. If you don't, go teach in the suburbs."

**WE SAY:** Come join our school revolution as a teacher. Get in on the action. Teacher salaries are rising rapidly. So is our school system. Come on up the up staircase. For further information, see our Representative who will be at Bowling Green on Tuesday, April 3, 1968.

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# A Band Of 'Primary Colors'

By BILL DIAMOND  
Feature Writer

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series on BGU Student bands. Sydney Scott was in a fix. He was looking for a new name for the band to which he belonged. The other members came up with "The Integrated Soul Brothers," "The Sixth Commandment Featuring Dr. Syd Scott and the White Trash," and "The Continental Sound."

A woman Scott was talking to on the telephone suggested calling the group "The Coloring Book." He got an idea...from it came the bright new name, "The Primary Colors!"

Although the band is made of both Caucasian and Negro members, there "wasn't supposed to be a racial connotation," Sydney Scott, sophomore in the College of Education said.

"White is the multiple of all the colors. Black is the absence of color. They are both considered neutral colors. They are equal, and that is the extent of my artistic knowledge," Scott said.

The goal of the group is to satisfy the majority of the people and have versatility of music. They play 90 per cent soul music now, and 10 per cent "kissy face" (slower music played at formals and jazz (experimenting with originality of sounds)."

"You can only imitate the soul sound to a point, but if you mix blue eyes and brown eyes together, you get a true soul sound," Scott said.

There are seven members and each one is equally important; no one is boss. When the band is having trouble with the equipment, rather than tune up their instruments or smile sheepishly at the audience, the Primary Colors start to joke around.

"I do Bill Cosby imitations before we sing 'Shotgun,'" Scott said. They also have steps and dance patterns worked out. "We don't get up and have seven people tell seven jokes."

Unless they are playing under a fraternity contract, the Primary Colors do not honor requests for wild or suggestive songs. "Let it be the 'Hot Nuts' not the Primary Colors," Scott said.

After six months of working together, they have had their gripes and complaints, but they are a pretty closely knit group."

Like some bands on campus they have had their troubles. While playing "My Girl" at the Canterbury Inn, a voice column fell on "some chicks head, and I quickly left the stage and helped her up. She was just stunned," Scott said. Voice columns weigh 50 pounds.

The Primary Colors had \$600 worth of amplifiers stolen while they were playing at the Agora (college bar) in Cleveland. The equipment was taken from the back seat of Scott's automobile. The convertible top had been slashed with a coat hanger.

"Amp lifting and selling is one of the hottest things going," Scott said. "They refinish the amp and sell it for \$250 clear (without



THE PRIMARY COLORS . . . Timothy Courtot, Myra Dillard, Sydney Scott, Lynn Howell, Larry

Burgess and Robert Barrett rest during a practice session. (Photo by Larry Nighswander).

tax) to a music store, which sells it back to you for \$400."

For each disadvantage the group has, it is offset by another good advantage. "It was gratifying the way the students at the CI treated my parents," Scott said.

His father's birthday was December 6, and some students from Alice Prout Hall painted a sign "Happy Birthday Pop-O." When Mr. and Mrs. Scott came to the Canterbury Inn December 7, they received a standing ovation from the audience and Scott presented his father with the sign.

"We played a slow song and they danced under the spotlight. While my Dad was buying a few drinks for some of the students, my Mother was dancing the 'pearl' with some of them," Scott said.

Scott had his back against the edge of a table and his feet propped up on the back of a chair as he reminisced. His bulky jacket and his athletic build made him look almost comfortable. He said in a quiet voice, "It was really great, it sounded good... real good."

He was also proud of the night

the Primary Colors played for an audience of 1,700 persons at the Plato (college bar) in Cleveland. "A man from Mercury records approached me and asked if we wanted to be under their management. I told him we weren't ready to go big yet," Scott said.

If the band wanted to, it could get away with playing "ten songs a night, reverse the order, play longer or shorter, and satisfy the people at all the campus bars," but then they would risk becoming stale.

"Our success has been attributed to enjoyment of good sound. We like to give a good show and enjoy what we are doing, and the people like what we play," Scott said.

To make it to the top a band has to have "music knowledge, someone with money to sponsor them, and be able to do everything from Righteous Brothers to Otis Redding, and from Dionne Warwick to the Supremes," Scott said.

The Primary Colors are geared toward the female audience because "they appreciate good music, and the men gotta take the women where they want to



SYDNEY SCOTT . . . Lead singer of the group belts out a song.

phone.

--Lynn Howell, senior in the College of Liberal Arts; drums.

--Jeffery Fulek, unclassified; electric organ.

--Sydney Scott, singer.

"Miami University may have 'the Lemonpipers' (recorded 'Green Tamborine' which was number one in December 1967) but BG's got the Primary Colors," Scott said.

## SUMMER JOBS

Over 30,000 actual job openings listed by employers in the 1968 Summer Employment Guide. Gives salary, job description, number of openings, dates of employment, and name of person to write. Resorts, dude ranches, summer theatres, United Nations, national parks, etc. Also career oriented jobs: banking, publishing, engineering, data processing, electronics, accounting, many more. Covers all 48 states. Price only \$3, money back if not satisfied. Our fifth year!

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# The B-G News

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## Literary Supplement

### A DEDICATION

for Jo Ann

"The Arab  
who owns the perfume shop, insisted  
it was good luck"

-- John Ashbery

It is the vessel  
which I give you,

broken, & the things  
turned loose from it.

In the myth, Enki  
must find the suitable

gift; he brings apples  
cucumbers & pears.

The vessel bulges  
having struck rock,

& from its meus  
come blond children

to drown the Kite's  
song, salvations

in the city pigeons  
w/bread. The broken

vessel remains, it s  
blue slivers fill

the air. Share with me/  
share with me

if only to dedicate  
this pain, these fruit --

that all wings be real  
& all your Gods

have the strength of rocks.

Tom Cadwell



### First Acquaintance With A Poet

He looked like a poet,  
camel corduroy coat,  
thick wine turtleneck,  
rugged face,  
independent hair and moustache,  
clean fingernails.  
He sounded like a poet,  
perfect grammar,  
touched with individuality,  
occasional references to Pound,  
sandstone voice.  
He understood like a poet;  
his brown eyes waited  
for my decision.

All very poet-like  
except  
the blue bandana  
pulled from his hip pocket  
to wipe his nose and glasses.

A farmer,  
welder,  
or bricklayer  
would use a blue bandana,  
but never a poet.  
He didn't fool me.

Susan Kannel

### Ichiban Haiku

Quills shot with silver  
pierce the milk-full breast again;  
The hurt that says life!

Elizabeth Schuster

By TIM CULEK

## Editorial

By HAROLD WYNHAM

I have been sitting here, on the rug, helping my daughter to stack colored blocks into leaning towers which she inevitably and with a shriek destroys. I am now most truly alive.

The news is on. I am sick and tight inside. Once more I see the immense wheel turning again, the wheel of absurd goals, of continuous misunderstanding, of necessary human barbarism. It is grinding along for no good reason. It will crush each of us separately or together. It will destroy cities, farms, living rooms with rugs in them and fathers on the rugs stacking blocks for their daughters and feeling most truly alive, all for a thousand good reasons (ask Dean Rusk!) which are no reasons at all.

But this is emotional exaggeration! Surely there are thousands of happy bright faces in hundreds of countries, safe from the explosion of the megaton bomb, the mortar at high noon. Surely no one sees such a black future for humanity! Let us all join in together and sing with 6 million German Jews in the early 40's--with Mr. and Mrs. America before Pearl Harbor--"Surely this atrocity will not be committed--surely your pessimism is unfounded Mr. Churchill--Surely no sane man would . . . blow up the world?" Pessimism is taboo. It violates our secure sanctum of everyday routine. The author of pessimism is a paranoic devil. (Surely God will not allow his children to be killed if we send them on this Crusade!)

But, you see, I love life. I love blue skies. Love my hometown and love the people I see on the street, love their fantasies, their God, their secure hurricane world, isolated from the outside. I love the eyes of my child and the woods outside town where I walk in mud or snow, mayflowers and leaves and I worship the great god of the wheat and the

wind. But beyond that, I cannot forget the turning of the wheel over the body of the earth. I see it in labor camps in Russia, in the streets of Saigon, in the thousand tiny offices of bureaucrats in Washington, (each only innocently trying to squeeze out a few extra bucks for himself), in the shadeless windows of Harlem or back-street Toledo. I see it in the kindergarten playground of international politics, where what appears to be a gathering of Great Men is really a crowd of kids ready to play war and yelling NA NA NA NA! at each other from across the conference table. And there are no more Jesus Christs, not one rational Socrates around anywhere. They do not belong. They are not animal enough to make the old business-like world turn.

And I cannot tell whether the great wheel is turning with one Celestial Driver, or if it turns with five drivers, fighting among themselves, or if it turns alone and the drivers chase it, or if there is no driver at all and never has been. I do know, however, that it is rolling toward me, toward my own America and that the impossible will come true once more and that another generation of young men will be ground to flour.

In the shadow of the wheel, I clutch at moments. I will aid in the struggle in this century when for the first time Mankind will have to seriously consider an end to war--or devise another devious way to inflict torture. I will do my bit. Perhaps the wheel will be swerved. It will come again. It will come because we cannot be saints. It will do its work and go. We will stand together with Johnson his dung heap, among the fragments of our illusions, and gird up our loins with the buckle of faith. We will face the cold universe again and close our eyes.

The pessimist does not like this. He wishes it were possible to be different. To be totally new, not human. To make a new world--a world without each man being a bureaucrat. He knows it is impossible. He stands in the shadow of the inevitable wheel and gnashes his teeth and prepares to do his best.



## In Certain Seasons

Miss X, I begin sinking,  
maybe like a kite  
without enough tail. I  
used to use Mother's old  
hose, ripped-up strips  
of worn-out, torn-up  
workshirts, underwear, Dad's  
old moleskin pants: whatever.

Nothing can describe  
that sinking, sinking  
of the heart, when my kite  
(old Toledo Blades &  
flour paste, & strips  
of yellow pine from the  
lumberyard next door)  
dipped down, down, down  
like a suicide. No,  
the broken string  
never broke me. Later,  
in college, they said  
that was "aspiration":  
ad astra per aspera,  
fine Latin bullshit.

Miss X, my good friend,  
I loved to see those kites  
get away. Why the hell  
build a kite, except for that?  
You understand. When I was

a bright-eyed Boy Scout  
I used to write to a kid  
in Japan, also a Boy Scout.  
Once he mailed me two fragile  
kites, one like a fish, both  
in bright colors of rice paper.  
The harsh Ohio wind caught them  
& ripped them apart. I wonder  
if he began sinking one day,  
maybe in a Zero. We bombed  
his city. Pray, pray for us.

Miss X, my lively Muse,  
you understand, of course.  
Nobody else talks the language  
up here where I live now:  
North Pole, RFD No. 2.  
The penguins & polar bears,  
Eskimoses & walruses & all those  
blubber-sherbet salesmen  
don't speak nothing but  
cold, cold, cold. Mail me  
a message, tropical lady,  
packed in dry ice. Maybe  
you could loft it up on  
a great big goddamn beautiful  
red & green & indigo box-kite.

Frederick Eckman



## What You Will

The strange mind would wander, meander through a hollow, perhaps full abyss this evening. It would travel north, far north to the uncontaminated regions...ah, but no. Contamination. A special, personal relative. Poor mind! Limited by the terminology attached to the sound and visual images, but working hard to be unlimited. Imagination. To travel north, to escape perhaps, to be with the rugged, animal and hearty men which London speaks of. They seem to have gone north. Tim was, I suppose, when that would have been horrible, painful. No more. The new symbol of the surviving fittest is cerebral brutality, cerebral cruelty and confusion. "How do you know I'm not a virgin unless you try me," she said. "I don't give a damn what you are," I said. She was ugly, pitiful by those personal relatives, norms. My poor morality--egoistically clutched to by so many wispy ideals, rationalized by so much high language. If there are none with mine, I better be disposed of it...such a dream...blessed intercourse with one of my own kind. The dream becomes a hope or wish, the wish is the very point at which the string is attached to the finger. The dream is space and space away--a kite. Fly you dream! secure in the wish or presumption. Secure. Hal That presumption is a "slip" knot. "If she don't hold, she'll be gone for good. Might get stuck in a tree anyway, or hung up somewhere else. Better not fool with the windy days." I'll be carefull.

They talk and talk. I listen and listen. Thought becomes madly chaotic. The mind a sidewalk. At a busy corner. I do my share of walking, certainly, but am I not a bit more gentle? Black nationalism has arrived. What strange looks they give me now! I'm "White". I loved them. They're pulling that knot free now. Others don't fly that special love kite, though, so who am I? Maybe I am "Whitie". I guess I never stopped to look. "Back to Africa, you Black bastards." "Back to Europe, you White trash." "Back to Asia, you Redskinned savages." America for the Americans! Pheasants, finches, robins...turtles, salamanders, snails...black bass, pike, bluegills, ants, spiders, maggots...America for the Americans! "Well, let's go. C'mon! We gotta' be outa' here by the 16th."

"A spider! I hate those bastards. Let's pull its legs off."

Oh, that poor, miserable kite. It's getting so windy. Do you have to tests the knot so often? Ah! The night. The wind is dying down.  
Lyle Greenfield



## Poem

Charcoal gray blanket  
with  
a diamond  
floating aimlessly  
far into the horizon  
Far into the night are you  
So far  
away from me.

Odd, how silly I've been  
More strange--if you could care  
My mind--muddled, mystified  
Sad, how I feel!

And all because of a  
diamond  
floating aimlessly  
on a charcoal gray blanket.

Denise Lovrinoff

## Dates

Like dogs we sit and watch each other  
behind alert and smiling faces,  
and sense as conversation lags  
the disenchantment of the hour.

We tire of what now seems a game  
we do not speak out of fear.  
Oh who can create the depth we seek,  
or find meaning in what passes here?

For comedy is a lonely art,  
and respect a mental thing,  
and kindness has calculation,  
and gratitude a piteous ring.

No, we seek the thing for which  
the animal has learned to wait:  
the respect growing like a flower  
that no man can hurry or abate

Eric Nisula

## Vomito

Stretch your eyes and stare  
out of the deep grey pit of  
your mind.

Gaze carefully at the off-colored  
human beasts-of-burden  
hardly helping themselves and only  
hindered by Washington's Dr. Do Good.

Stretch your mouth and retch and vomit  
at the sight of stagnated men-stagnated  
by our White Christian Bureaucracy  
whose legalistic ultimatums seem  
only as erratum hanging nudely from  
courtroom walls.

Queen or quean, what difference-the skin  
is burnt-there's our judgement.

The super race isn't dead-it's living in  
america under the assumed name of white.

Richard L. T.







Thine alabaster cities gleam,  
undimmed by human tears.  
-- "America the Beautiful"

Photos by Jeff DeWolf

## The Communion Of Coats

Tossed in a tussled row of costumely show,  
The communion of coats piles the barrier aslope--  
By mingling wool and buttons gay, friendship-thread,  
Of invisible needle, sews the silent watching heart.  
There is a closeness in wool, a shamefaced-touch,  
Warmly felt, like purring mittens and powder puffs,  
Neatly stuffed in the secret pocket, locked by sensitive  
Hand. There is room for the wool of another,  
For a sister or brother! We scratch not away  
The tailored-sex, nor fine the lining for being itself!  
Here, lay your head where my arm is rest.  
Your velvet shoulder and furry hood invites our common good,  
For, like wind-rubbed muslin, my winter has worn too long;  
And we need each other--the communion of coats!

Ronald K. Webb

## The Cow In Hell

A spike in my teat,  
A hook in my nose  
Pulling me apart  
Through the noose  
Of my yoke -

God! -

This screeching pain.  
My buckling knees  
Slip in my dung;  
I bleed from the hip.  
Into a jar  
Clamped against my groin;

The pain, the Pain.  
How my eyes roll  
And my tongue is cut.

Joel D. Rudinger

## DEAR ABBY

Dear Abby--

The other night at the Rec. center, this guy I been going with, I'll call him Fred, got mad because I was dancing with Barry and laughing it up. Fred threw some money at me. Well, the gang got the drift all right and really got mad. Fred and Barry were going to fight in the alley. Actually, Abby, it was Fred's father who asked me to lay off Fred on account of it didn't look good (Fred's sister was engaged to this Jr. exec. type). Fred's dad said he'd tell about some of those times, Abby, I haven't always behaved so good. If you know what I mean. Well, I told Fred I couldn't see him on account of my TB check at school came back funny, but actually I still like Fred. What should I do, Abby?

"Coughing Violetta"

Dear "Coughing Violetta"--

I know what you mean, and you better get straightened out, young lady, before it's too late. Go to your doctor and find out about that

TB check (or find another doctor who can treat you) and then leave town. Find some place in the country and get a job. Or, better yet, go to college and join a sorority. Forget Fred; he's still tied to his father's purse-strings and to the concept of Bourgeois Morality; he will never recognize True Love.

Thomas Kinney

## Greetings

When at first we used to meet  
we used to smile,  
or rather, show our teeth  
a proper while.

Then the winter came,  
the blinding snow, the cross wind's howl

and we found our greeting  
in a scowl.

But this is hardest to construe  
as lover's plight; like fallen angels  
we slump at greeting's doorway as if we knew

and hated all there is to know  
and briefly catch the other's sodden eye

and pass through.

Eric Nisula

## Christmas And Points West: A Fragment

Spawned at your loins, sprung from mine, but not  
Our son: I saw his blood today and know  
It was no lie that we conceived, but truth  
Beyond all thought. Our son, who never was  
Our son, but is, is crossed. I wondering watched  
The dust-caked manna at his feet lay red  
Until the earth darkened without a stain,  
Revealing kinship deeper than our flesh.  
The gods of earth, a stronger mother, call  
Him theirs; we are to be disciples now,  
To drink intoxication from his veins,  
Sitting like Silenus at our own  
Son's feet, our foster-son, who rides the ass  
For having learned his lessons better than  
We could ever teach him. Spawned at your  
Loins, sprung from mine: in deed this foster-son  
Is crossed, in blood he is divine; his flesh  
We must forsake, far less sacrifice  
Than that which made and formed him half-divine.

Anne Bingle

## Gone Blackbird

When winter comes  
Blackbirds don't go south, they stay  
To make the snow whiter. I should  
Stay and make something white,  
But God's in my  
Suitcase beside my  
Stinking socks  
And if I stay I  
Have to let Him  
Out. so roll world  
While I scramble  
On your face until  
I no longer feel  
The motion

I'm  
Scared. I want to roll  
Instead of  
The world. I want  
To make a place,  
A bosom to warm my  
Face in, a time that  
Lets things be, a  
Warmth with a million sights, an  
Excitement without  
A hurt, a heaven  
With only me, a  
Love thats only  
Love. I'm scared. I'm  
Afraid I want to be  
God.

Richard Steeves

## No Final Solutions

Approaching the cliff  
I realized  
there was no difference  
between jumping  
& not jumping.  
Because the heart's lift  
now  
lacked consistency,  
mere chance  
& bootstrap philosophy  
blunted the sting.

Elizabeth Schuster

## Susan Garst

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## Alba V

If I had come awake in your  
rising  
hour  
I would have  
sung the world  
into existence  
into an  
ode  
praising your  
hands that  
move  
over the  
morning  
flowers,  
inviting your  
voice  
into my  
silence  
(fair though it  
is),  
your foot-  
steps  
over the  
streets of my  
mind.

You move  
21 paces  
away and  
say:  
needless to  
point out that  
you have not  
sung the  
world  
into its  
sun  
rather you  
slept  
gnashing your  
teeth and  
strumming  
on your  
inner  
bones  
during my  
rising hour.  
I went out  
into the day:  
the fat cat was  
dead and the  
made-bold  
mouse  
chattered and  
scurried  
forth  
out of his  
secret:  
I might have  
bettered the  
instruction,  
dying or  
scurrying forth,  
but why?  
your head was  
under the  
clouds.

I came close to you  
and I  
touch you;  
I am not  
clean.  
I answer  
I was afraid I'm  
sorry.  
Think about  
leather,  
wristwatches, rabbits,  
rivers and  
cigarettes.  
I love you oh I love you  
and I am a  
great and  
mysterious  
person.  
Do not be  
sad.

Jan Pallister



Photo by Jeff DeWolf

## Wandering In The Garden

(After the Alaskan Earthquake, 1964)

Along these crooked unkempt rows,  
These trembling stiff cracks in the earth,  
A plant-like hand or two sticks up  
Like tendrils from a dying weed,  
Its blackened petals timed to fall  
Into a churning grave.

Standing there stiff and upright as a rake  
I bent and touched one  
As it rose and hung upon its stalk  
Of mold and bone, remembering how  
When I was three on the shoreline of Lake Erie  
I had found a funny plant and asked my father.  
He called it Dead-Man's Fingers.  
And I laughed and died upon the sand  
And dipped my fingers in the lake  
To splash about the broken waves,  
Searching my eager fantasies  
For other parts of soft anatomies.  
Then all my laughter faded out of breath  
When, all in silence, I described another death  
In the water's slow receding.

Joel D. Rudinger

## Poem

a cloud chasing its shadow across a rocky mesa...  
constantly changing...  
both never really changing...  
a river racing over its rocky bed towards its death in the sea...  
water over rock...  
endless stream of consciousness...  
yet never in one position...  
iceberg in the Gulf Stream...  
for a time only one tenth showing...  
then melting into unity...  
the arms of a spiral galaxy moving distantly...  
around a common focus...  
with light meeting light...  
two strands of a DNA helix...  
life ...  
each reproducing itself...  
but never alone...  
you and i...  
us...

Tom Shelley

## Corrupted Hoopee

I grew up talking Hoopee. The peculiar thing about this language is that it is more difficult to unlearn than learn. Experience is the best teacher in either unlearning or learning it. You may not be familiar with Hoopee. Few outsiders are able to speak it. Hoopee is our local dialect back home, Ohio River talk.

To some degree, I still talk Hoopee. Some people think that it is hillbilly language, but we local authorities know that our dialect is more technical and elite than mere hill-talk. We combine the drawl of the hill-folk with the twang of the valley-folk, and consequently, we get a drawl-twang, which is distinctively Hoopee.

My grandfather, Granpa Hicks, is also an authority on Hoopee. He was a cooper by trade and still subscribes to the journal of the Coopers' Union. In Granpa's day, coopers made barrels for the local potteries. Times were prosperous and anyone could be a cooper, if he set his mind to it. There were no educational prerequisites. All you had to do was handle a draw-blade and the small steelheaded sledge.

Many illiterates came from the hills of West Virginia to work in the potteries and especially the cooper shops. They would work regularly until payday and then disappear until they had no money. The coopers usually frittered away their wages on Marsh-Wheeling Stogies and Kentucky bourbon. They were happy until they had to come back to work.

Granpa Hicks wasn't an illiterate, though, and he worked steadily. In the cooper shop, he observed our dialect as it was made.

Granpa says, "They wouldn't let us smoke no stogies 'cause we mightened caught fire, so we chewed Mail Pouch. It was wet in your dry mouth in all that sawdust midst that dad-blamed sweatshop."

In the cooper shop, there wasn't much time for talk with all the noise and sweaty work to meet the daily quota of hoops and barrels. What talk there was became Hoopee. You mix the hill drawl and the valley twang in a hot shop, together with the sawblades coughing at the wood, the sledge heads bouncing on spikes and wooden bands, and Mail Pouch stuffed in the coopers' mouths. The talk came out between the booms, bams, zings, zams, and spits of tobacco juice. They named the language after the barrel hoop makers, hoopees.

There are few grammatical rules in Hoopee. We split our infinitives, double our negatives, dangle our prepositions, unrelate our pronouns, and limit most speech to the present tense. We have a few verbs in the past tense, "goed," "writ," and "et." We say "worsh" instead of "wash" and emphasize the ed on "stiped" so that it sounds like a man's name, Ed. It isn't how the word looks on paper that distinguishes our language, but it's how you say it that makes the difference. Hill-billies say "ain't," Hoopees say "hain't."

I remember when I first tried to unlearn Hoopee. It happened at Pleasant Heights Elementary School. We had a new course there, English. At first I couldn't understand the queer way the English people talk. They use nouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs, articles, prepositions, conjunctions, clauses, phrases, sentences, and paragraphs. In Hoopee, we just speak words.

Gradually, I learned all about English. I learned big words, small words, "isn't" instead of "hain't," and studied grammar. I learned more rules about commas. Before, when I wrote my kin, I knew two rules about commas: one, either you put them in, or, two, you yank them out. My teachers taught me to speak English. I learned my vocabulary in high school. We studied abstract words. I learned to say everything from "anachronism" to "zygote."

Have you every been to New England? I remember my first trip. I learned a new language again, Bostonese. I recall the moment I hopped off the Greyhound Bus in Worcester (pronounced: Wus' sta), Massachusetts.

Mr. Perry, my boss for the summer, said, "Rajah! Rajah! Ova hea!"

I thought that an Indian prince was standing beside or behind me, but I couldn't see him. Then I discovered that it was Mr. Perry, who meant to say, "Roger! Roger! Over here!" To learn English you say, "The rain in Spain stays mainly on the plain." To learn Bostonese you repeat, "Take Chawlie dun ta Hawvawd Yawd and pawk ya caw by da hawbaw." I learned to play "cawds" instead of "cards," drink "frappes" and "coolers" instead of "milkshakes," "tonic" rather than "coke." I soon had "idears." Castro was in "Cuber" not "Cuba."

Now I am here at Bowling Green State University. I'm learning to pinch my nose and cup my mouth like an inverted megaphone to talk like they do in Cleveland. I met a fellow from "New York" and a coed from "New Jolsey." Doctor Morris tried to teach me to speak German.

No wonder I talk so funny! If you get out of your "caw" with the "New Jolsey" license plates, "ect" you "ege," and aren't so loquacious, dann wurde ich Hoopee sprechen.

Roger J. Hicks

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THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1968



# It's Happening This Weekend

## Military Ball Is Tomorrow

The annual Air Force and Army ROTC Military Ball is scheduled from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m., tomorrow in the Grand Ballroom.

The Queen of the Military Ball, chosen by ROTC Air Force and Army cadets from five finalists, will be announced at the intermission ceremonies. The selection of the five finalists was made by faculty representatives.

The five finalists are: Holly A. Havris, freshman in the College of Education; Candice M. Hudson, junior in the College of Education; Sandra J. Minor, sophomore in the College of Liberal Arts; Laurel J. Pippert, senior in the College of Education and Susan E. Tobin, junior in the College of Education.

Entertainment will be provided by Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra.



Lee Castle

Men and women in the Bowling Green Air Force and Army ROTC, their dates and invited faculty members are invited to this occasion.

## ATO To Celebrate Silver Anniversary

The Founder's Day Dinner commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity will be held from 5 p.m. to 8:30 p.m., tomorrow at the Holiday Inn Motel.

of the fraternity magazine, "The ATO Palm," will be the featured speaker at the dinner.

He has been editor of the magazine since June, 1950, following five

years as managing editor. He was appointed fraternity historian in July, 1961.

Phillip Lee Glenn, chairman of the Founder's Day committee, announced that approximately 100 fraternity members, alumni, and pledges would be in attendance including the three original co-founders of the fraternity.

They include John J. Joseph, past provost at the University, Ralph G. Harshman, past president of the University, and John W. Bunn, vice-president for business and finance at Kent State University.

Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity is the oldest continuous group of men living together on campus. The original name of the group was Delhi, and approximately 65 men were members.

The Delhi group became the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity on April 10, 1943.

## Bridge Winners Honored Sunday

The winners of the recent bridge match will be awarded prizes when the Campus Bridge Club meets at 1:15 p.m., Sunday in the Ohio Suite of the Union.

The winners of the bridge match for the North and South are: William J. Hale and Steven W. Bowman, Mrs. Ben Segall and Mrs. W. E. Steidtmann, club director, and Robert J. Martin and John S. De Long.

East and West winners in the bridge match are: Dr. and Mrs. Charles F. Mott, M.C., and Mrs. Huston Chapman, and Bruce E. Nyberg and Dale R. Saylor.

North, South, East, and West are table where each player plays the same bridge hand throughout the match, according to Mrs. Steidtmann.

"Anyone interested in playing Duplicate Bridge is invited to attend with or without a partner," said Mrs. Steidtmann.

## Cypher, 'Crucible' Continue Tonight

"The Crucible," an intense drama set around the Salem witch trials of 1692, will continue tonight and tomorrow at 8:15 p.m. The University theatre will present the play, written by Arthur Miller, in the Main Auditorium of University Hall.

Jon Cypher, a professional actor who has appeared in motion pictures and on television, is guest starring in the production. Tickets are still on sale at the ticket office in University Hall. Prices are \$1.25 for adults, 50 cents for non-University students and 25 cents for University students.

## Methodist Program, Focuses On Feeling

"Being Human in a Fragmented World," the topic of a three series program sponsored by the Methodist Student Movement, will be continued at 6 p.m. Sunday at the First Methodist Church in Bowling Green.

The expression of feelings in non-verbal communications will be the focus of this program.

"Due to the nature of the program it is advisable to dress casually, slacks for women would be in order," said Dr. Henry L. Gerner, director of the United Christian Fellowship Center.

A supper, costing 40 cents, will be served at 5 p.m.

## Asian Specialist Visit Is Reslated

Russell Johnson, a Quaker who has been to Vietnam, will not appear tonight at 7 in the Dogwood Suite of the University Union as the News reported yesterday.

He will appear March 22.



ICE HORIZONS -- University Skating Club members (left to right) Bill Squier, Jan Thomas, Jill Treherne, and Randy Gordon, are selling tickets for the club performance "Ice Horizons." The show will be given at 8 p.m. March 29 at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. March 30. Tickets, available in the Union, are \$2 for reserved seats and \$1 for general admission.

## Two Music Recitals Slated

The Bowling Green Woodwind Quintet will present its second on-campus concert of the year at 8:15 p.m., Sunday, in the Recital Hall.

Members of the quintet are Harold E. Skinner, flute; Cleon R. Chase, oboe; Frederick J. Young, clarinet; David C. Rogers, horn; and Robert J. Moore, bassoon.

Included in the quintet's performance are Onslow's Blaser-quintet, Op. 81; Barber's Summer Music; Lefebvre's Suite, Op. 57; and Francaix's Quintette.

On Monday, flutist, Lucinda J. Barron, and oboist, Belinda J. Barron, juniors in the College of Education, will present a recital at 8:15 p.m. in the Recital Hall.

Included in the recital are works

by Vivaldi, Block, Hindemith, Poulenc, and Lottl. Accompaniment during the performance will be provided by Kathleen A. Moore, and Crystal A. Donohoe, harpsichord. Pianist will be Margaret C. Danziger, and cellist, Carlton H. McCreery.

## Theatre Party

Theatre Party Night will be featured in the Carnation Room from 9 p.m. to midnight, today and tomorrow.

The Johnny DeCarlo Quintet will provide the entertainment for the after-the-play get-together. There will be a 25 cent cover charge.

Food may be obtained from the Falcon's Nest.

## Sports Car Rally

Bring your own car Sunday when the 4th annual Delta Upsilon Sports Car Rally is held.

The event is scheduled to start at 1 p.m. from the White Hut parking lot across from Harshman Quadrangle, and will take in 100 miles of country roads.

The event is open to owners of American and foreign sports cars, for the entrance fee of \$1.50.

Interested parties should contact the DU house.

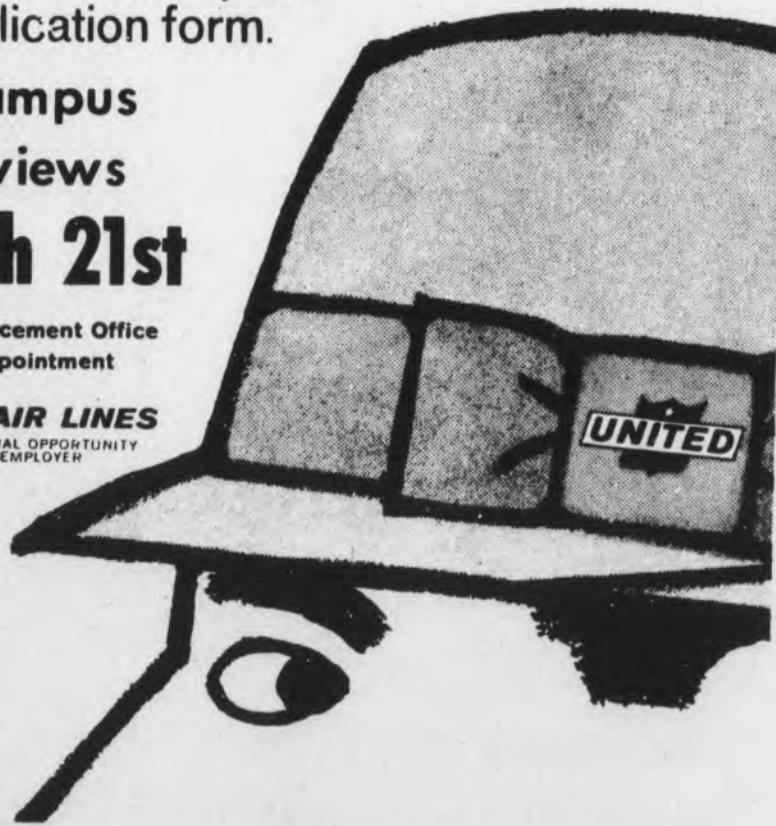
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Selling Cipher VII Stereo Tape Recorder. Many Features, Excellent Sound, Stereo Tapes, Will Demonstrate. Joel Rudinger Ext. 2610; 353-6482.

Faculty member wishes to sub lease apt. for summer to married grad couple. For info call 352-1221.

## lost and found

Kappa Delta - Found one vacuum cleaner - O.J.

Lost: Slide Rule in orange knit case. Reward, Becky 305 Harmon

## business and personal

UNIVERSITY PARTY Meeting. Election of officers, White Dogwood Room, 6:00 Sunday, March 17.

Chief - Just to set the record straight, I luv ya. Bev.

"Ice Horizons" presented by Bowling Green Skating Club. Over 200 Senior, University, and Junior skaters. 3 shows March 29-30. Get tickets at Union, Ice Arena or from any Falconair, Falconette or University Club Member.

Live music by "Majority of Six Plus 1" at Founder's TGIF Dance 3-5 p.m. in activity room.

Happy Anniversary Robble. I love you always. Me.

Sig Ep pledges - you little boys are out of sight. Little girls of AX.

Subscribe now to "Cheetah" and get a free ticket to the Phil Ochs Concert! See Joy 205 Mooney.

Linda - Congratulations on your pinning. You're a helluva woman! 437.

Delta Tau Pledges say: When will you meet your Waterville? How about a 'prank' down by the River. Gill and Larry - our main men!

XI Pledges - Congrats on electing great officers.

UNIVERSITY PARTY Meeting. Election of officers, White Dogwood Room, 6:00 Sunday, March 17.

XI pledges - Thanks for the "fuzzies" - You're all great! Your actives.

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Lunchbuckets: Remember to bring your Fritos to Protracto's St. Patty's Party Sat. Night.

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TGIF Time at the C.I. every Fri. afternoon 1-6 p.m. LARGEST frosty in town only 15¢. QUARTER NIGHT PRICES on our other beverages plus -- HOT DOGS 10¢.

Congratulations to Carl and Cheryl's baby boy Chris - the Sig Pledges.

Goog and Loon, Thank you very much for just being you! Love, R.B.

Thanks to the Sig Ep's and Sam for the greatest tea ever!! The Delta Zeta's

Bunny - Line is Best - Princeton

Zeeb pledges congratulate Boom-Boom on a great season.

'Tis a bit ' Ireland at the C.I. Sat., March 16th. Big ST. PATRICKS DAY PARTY Starting 1:00 p.m. to --- Yes, we know Sunday is the saints day, but the leprecons say "Never on Sunday." So here is the program. LIVE MUSIC by MALONE and his LEP-RICONS --IRISH FAVORS For the lassies, GREEN BEVERAGES, FREE GREEN POPCORN, GREEN DECORATIONS, even to a green fire in the fireplace.  
CANTO'BURY INN

UNIVERSITY PARTY Meeting. Election of officers, White Dogwood Room, 6:00 Sunday, March 17.

RM: If you ever feel lonesome and are sure you know the real reason why, see Mr. X. He's waiting for you to wake up.

Ken - congratulations on making up you mind. Nan and Gail.

Katy: You're one hell of a man-Your little brother

The Sisters of Phi Mu congratulate Marle and Fred - Sigma Chi pin mates.

Mike: I have something of yours. He looks just like you. Carousel A-Go-Go

D. Clyde - Thanx for the yellow roses and a great time. J. Bonnie

Congrats to the ADPI Pledge Class

## Classifieds

Officers. Your Pledge Sisters.

Congratulations, Jean, Alpha Phi President! Janle, MaryAnn & Jeanne.

It's Bonnie Bell Weekend at Centre Drug. Save now on Ten-0-Six Shampoo, \$1.25 now 49¢ and Moisture Lotion, \$6 - Now \$3 ...While they last.

Congrats new AX officers - AX Pledges.

The Theta Chi Pledge Class would like to congratulate all pinmates of the Active Brothers.

Jim & Sharon  
Al & Sandy

Gary & Kathy

Norm & Sue  
Don & Sue

Rick & January  
Steve & Karen  
Jeff & MaryAnn  
Dave & Patty

Bruce & Peggy  
Jeff & Georgia  
Roger & Mary Kay  
Jim & Elaine  
Pete & Gloria  
Dean & Mary

Chopper, we hope you enjoyed your journey.

n.m.n.: not even hot fudge sundies, cheek. (It's Lent you know). Perhaps egg and onion motza. Youngblood.

The Teke Pledges say: If you can't go TEKE go Greek.

BGSU Ski Club meets at 6:00 Monday in Room 100 Hayes Hall.

Come prepared (Equip, etc) for picture for yearbook. Also all persons interested in the Boyne Highlands trip should attend or call Mike Payne, Rm. 423 2214-5-6 or Bud Sheehan, Rm. 424, 2274.

Fayette sez get high for McCarthy! Come to the meeting Sunday, 8:00 p.m. 122 Library.

UNIVERSITY PARTY Meeting. Election of officers, White Dogwood Room, 6:00 Sunday March 17.

C.I. has plenty of live music this week -- DIFFERENT BANDEACH NITE. Fri. & Sat. nite features the popular "COLLEGIATES." SAT. AFTERNOON - LIVE MUSIC FOR THE ST. PATRICKS DAY PARTY.

Watch for details on Ralph's Birthday Party March 21.

L.B.J. Sez "I give up." Join the McCarthy Kids! Meeting Sunday, 8:00 p.m. 122 Library.

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## CONGRATULATIONS

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## 25TH ANNIVERSARY

## SATURDAY

## GET HIGH FOR FOUNDER'S DAY

## YOUR PLEDGES



## More About: Council

(Continued from Page 1)

tional interest when I do not agree with that interest."

Council tabled the resolution. Under "old business," Council heard discussion on an amendment concerning the procedures for appointing judges to the Student Court and Traffic Court.

Council tabled the amendment. Another amendment to change the date provision for the Student Body spring elections was also on the evening's agenda.

Council tabled the amendment. Al Morgan, senior representative questioned the acting council President, Jeff Witjas (Rick Helwig was ill, and not in attendance) on why a resolution passed by Council two weeks ago was not on the evening's agenda, as it was to have been.

Witjas responded that a Council executive meeting he held with Rick Helwig decided to hold off on Morgan's resolution until a Council committee could examine some of the resolutions' intricacies.

The resolution had called for a constitutional convention to be held on March 13, for the purposes of revamping the goals and procedural channels of Council.

Council tabled discussion on the resolution.

Al Morgan, visibly angered, walked out of the meeting.

Donald Waggoner, commuter representative, detected a slip-up in the programming of the meeting's agenda, as had Morgan, and questioned why a resolution he brought up at Council two weeks

ago didn't appear Thursday, either.

Witjas apologized, and Waggoner's resolution to allow University commuters to sponsor a candidate for the May Queen elections passed Council, unanimously.

Tom Parrish, junior representative, presented another resolution to Council which called on dean's offices to allow University organizations "air time" on dormitory public address systems for announcements.

Also mentioned in the legislation were provisions allowing the stuffing of student's mailboxes with handouts on organization's activities, and the right to post signs on dormitory walls.

Council passed the resolution. Representatives also heard an address from administrator Elton C. Ringer, business manager, who attempted an explanation of the fees payments increase here.

"I don't believe the administration was aware of the interest this student body had in its decisions. I would predict, in light of recent events, that Council will be kept informed on future decisions the administration makes," he added.

Manager Ringer re-emphasized many of the points the student bargaining committee announced after its meeting with Dr. Bond, namely: renovation of some dormitories, and a tightening of the budgetary belts by the University to lower expenses.

There was one other move Council did not table. Adjournment.

## Library's Policy Debated

# Library's Policy Debated

Faculty dissatisfaction with the new system of returning library books after every semester or quarter was the topic of a special meeting of the Library Advisory Committee yesterday.

Dr. A. Robert Rogers, Director of the Library, requested that one student from each academic department attend the meeting, to get students' points of view on the subject.

Last January, Dr. Rogers explained, the recommendation of the Library Advisory Committee that faculty members be required to return all library books in person to the library at the end of each quarter or semester, was put into effect.

In the past faculty members had been able to renew the books they had out by phone and some books wouldn't get returned for a number of years, Dr. Rogers said.

Dr. William J. York, chairman of the Library Advisory Committee, said that some members of the faculty think this new rule is an imposition since their research calendars don't always agree with the semester or quarter calendar.

Since the policy implemented last January was based on appeals from students that they couldn't get copies of some books, the Library Advisory Committee wanted to get students' reactions to the faculty complaints, Dr. York said.

There were about 20 students present at the special meeting and six faculty members, including the Library Advisory Committee members.

Part of the problem arises from a lack of knowledge of library policies, on the part of both students and faculty, said one committee member.

"Ninety-five per cent of the students don't know that they can fill out a slip to recall a book that is out if they need it badly."

The library staff will get in touch with the person, faculty too, who has the book and see if he is using it and if not, if he can return it for another's use," said Dr. William D. Hann, assistant professor of biology and a member

of the Library Advisory Committee.

Another faculty member stated that many of the books he and his colleagues have out are of little help or interest to the students, but are essential to his research.

"We are talking about a small number of books that are kept out by some faculty members, sometimes for as long as five or ten years," replied Dr. Rogers.

The students and faculty members at the meeting agreed that the present system needed updating. Several ideas were put forward by students, but nothing was accomplished as far as setting new guidelines for the problem.

"Perhaps we can reconvene this group in a week or two, to come up with a new plan to handle the situation," said Dr. York.

## Arrest Made In Book Theft

A University student from Toledo was charged with grand larceny in the theft of books from the Browsing Room of the University Union.

Richard A. Stehl was arrested and charged Wednesday night by campus police. The theft apparently occurred when students left their books in the Browsing Room to watch the BGSU-Marquette basketball game on a giant television screen in the Union.

The books, apparently sold at three bookstores in Bowling Green, were valued at about \$120, according to Spencer T. Calamaggio, director of campus security.

Stehl is scheduled to appear in Municipal Court at 9 a.m. today.

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## Campus Calendar

### SEA

There will be a Student Education Association meeting at 7 p.m. Monday in the Alumni Room.

\*\*\*

MCCARTHY FOR PRESIDENT Meeting at 8 p.m. Sunday in room 122 of the Library.

\*\*\*

WBGU-FM 88.1 mg. "Night Sounds" 8:30 to 10 p.m. tomorrow.

\*\*\*

CAMPUS BRIDGE CLUB Will meet at 1:15 p.m. Sunday in the Ohio Suite.

\*\*\*

OMEGA PHI ALPHA Will meet at 7 p.m. Sunday in the Wayne Room.

\*\*\*

SAILING CLUB Will meet at 2 p.m. Sunday in 107 Hayes Hall.

\*\*\*

LENTEN SERVICES Rev. Dale E. Bichsel of the First Methodist Church will give the meditation of the Lenten Service at 6 p.m. Tuesday in Prout Chapel.

\*\*\*

UNIVERSITY PARISH "The Something Moores" will entertain tonight at 8 at a dance in the Parish Auditorium (Newman Center).

\*\*\*

C.E.C. The Council for Exceptional Children will meet at 7 p.m. Sunday in the River Room. Mr. Lenhart will speak on the trip to New York. Installation of officers will follow.

\*\*\*

CIRCLE K Meeting 7 p.m. Monday on 3rd floor of the Union. Open to all students.

\*\*\*

DELTA UPSILON Don't forget the sports car rally Sunday.

### UNITARIAN HOUSE

Meeting at 11 a.m. Sunday in the Unitarian House. There will be a panel discussion on "Is Unitarianism Obsolete?"

\*\*\*

### PSI CHI

A trip is planned to the Toledo State Mental Hospital Thursday. Interested persons call Rick Thompson at 354-0541 after 6 p.m.

\*\*\*

### UCF

Will present Mr. Robert H. Baldwin to speak on the "Meaning of Unitarianism" at 6 p.m. Sunday at the United Christian Fellowship Center.

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## Hinesight

### Give 'Em Hell, Harry

By TOM HINE  
Sports Editor

#### Discrimination?

Recent charges made by Negro leaders here at Bowling Green coupled with reports from across the nation that many colored athletes are seriously considering a boycott of the summer olympic games have come to the attention of this observer, and have caused some disturbance.

Other sports writers have taken up the torch of late in denouncing the proposal, which was originated by a sociology professor at San Jose State named Harry Jones. From the Los Angeles Times came columnist Jim Jurray's assertion that the boycott was "the most self-defeating form of protest short of holding one's breath in a corner."

It seems to be a popular conception.

Most writers and others who have been viewing the situation ("with alarm," in most instances) echo these ideas. No good they say can come from boycotting the one field in which Negroes have for so long progressed and prospered.

I disagree.

What an athletic boycott will do is hurt athletics. It will hurt the United States in the 1968 Olympics. It will hurt the pride of the white next-door neighbor who loves Bob Hayes winning the 100 yard dash but threatens bombing the local elementary school if colored kids enroll.

A boycott in short, will take its toll in the sports world--big deal.

The problem Mr. Jones and his black associates are wrestling with is not one of athletic supremacy but of human dignity.

The difference is immense. I fear those who lash out at the proposal do so perhaps because they are misguided, perhaps shortsighted.

To say that Negroes are helped through the sports world is so obvious a statement that it needs no backing up. Willie Mays, Jim Brown and Wilt Chamberlain offer adequate testimony to the power of athletics.

But while Mays, Brown and Chamberlain bask in the light of public approval their Negro brothers and sisters swelter another summer in Harlem and their grandparents risk another lynch mob in Mississippi.

To find fault with Mr. Jones and his program is to this observer tantamount to finding fault with the drive for equality.

What Harry Jones and those who fall in line with his thoughts want is to bring the plight of the American Negro to the attention of both white U.S. citizens and to other nations across the world.

Let this column turn in to a sermon on social injustice, let us draw to a close in short order.

I favor an Olympic boycott on the part of Negro athletes because I feel it will help the cause of Negroes in the long run. It may take America down considerably when gold medals are being handed out in a few months, but worrying over athletic contests when problems a good more pressing are confronting the United States is a little short of ridiculous.

Give'em hell, Harry Jones.



Tom Hine

## Lonborg Lost To Bosox Until June

WINTER HAVEN, Fla. (AP) - Dick Williams figures he may be without Jim Lonborg, his 22-game winner, until June but is determined the loss will not turn the Impossible Dream of 1967 into a nightmare in 1968.

"We have to go with what we've got," the Boston manager said at the club's spring training base at Chain O'Lakes Stadium. "The game still goes on without him."

Williams, a tough, driving leader, resents those who talk of the Red Sox' one-man pitching staff, pointing to the work of Jose Santiago and Gary Bell in the exciting pennant victory that thrilled the nation last September.

"We finished 22 games over .500," said Williams. "Santiago

was 12-8 and Bell was 12-8 with us 13-13 over-all with Cleveland and Boston. That makes eight over .500 right there. You can't say

they didn't help."

But no matter how you figure it, the Red Sox certainly are going to miss Lonborg, the Cy Young Award Winner who pitched the pennant clincher and turned in two magnificent jobs in the World Series before he had to work the seventh game with only two days rest.

Now Lonborg is out of action because of a skiing accident Christmas weekend. Surgery was required to repair torn and severed tendons in his left knee.

Winter trades brought Ray Culp from the Chicago Cubs where he was 8-11 and left-handed Dick Ellsworth from the Phillies where he had a 6-7 record.

#### EXHIBITION

#### BASEBALL

Chicago 6, California 4  
Cleveland 9, San Francisco 8  
Boston 7, Chicago 1  
Atlanta 7, New York 3  
St. Louis 7, Minnesota 4  
Los Angeles 5, Detroit 0  
Baltimore 11, Washington 2  
Philadelphia 2, New York 0  
Houston 1, Oakland 0

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